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Judge

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SIZE SAVES HIM.

The big thief can't be reached.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

W. J. ARKELL, *Editor* — BERNHARD GILLAM. I. M. GREGORY.

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THEY THINK in British Columbia that the duke, though Connaughty, is nice.

* * *

BISMARCK is not insane. He is merely, like Biddy of a long Sunday, tired o' bein' aisy.

* * *

LET US BE FAIR. Louisiana legalizes no kind of robbery except that which is done by lottery and the legislature.

* * *

QUESTION in mathematics—If the tariff bill has all the rest of the Republican party at its back, what is Butterworth?

* * *

TO BOURKE COCKRAN—My son, why don't you bring an argument in the courts against the constitutionality of the Fassett committee?

* * *

EDITORS who traduce John Wanamaker because of his piety believe in free speech, but draw the line at liberty of conscience.

* * *

MURDER is not right; but as long as our noble friends the Italians confine their killing to each other there is great consolation for the wickedness.

* * *

ABOUT eighteen thousand dollars are needed to complete the memorial arch fund. Don't you want to be godfather to that arch, Mr. Grant?

LEADING HIM ON.

MR. FEELSTEIN—"Your eyes vos like diamonds, mein kerveen!"
MISS GUGHEIM—"How many carats, Abe?"
MR. FEELSTEIN—"Biggest effer vos—in fer thirteen mont's mit der ticgket lost."

TWIN RELICS.

NO STATE but Louisiana claims the right to legalize lotteries. It used to be said that slavery and Mormonism were twin relics of barbarism. The live lottery takes the place of the dead slavery, and sustains the old reputation of one portion of the south for viciousness. There is no question as to the immorality of lotteries. They take money without the slightest pretense of compensation. They impoverish as completely, and with as little return in money or satisfaction, as the robbery that is done on the highway. It would be as reasonable to legalize horse-thieving and burglary; and the claim of legality is as preposterous as the claim of the Mormons that they represent a religion instead of the most tyrannical and unrecompensed of prostitution. There will not be a new south till this great Louisiana relic of barbarism is destroyed. It is amazing that it should have survived the slavery period. It was born of ignorance and avarice, and there is nothing in it that any good citizen can regard without contempt or indignation. Yet—to think of it!—it makes or breaks a state legislature, and it contemplates the purchase of its claim to legality in the congress of the nation. Other monopolies try to vindicate their immense gains by some effort to benefit the public. This barbarity presents the bare claim of a right to villainy, and refrains from anything which does not go to swell its capacious mouth and harden its brazen cheek.

PROTECTION IN THE HOME.

TARIFF discussion has grown wearisome by repetition of arguments in favor of and against a protective policy. Misstatements, deluding, and intended to delude, are made by interested parties—the importer who subsists by foreign trade, and the manufacturer who lives by domestic product. A partisan press looks only to its own side, and distorts statements to proselyte to its political faith. The average public is solicitous of the truth, yet the rut of party predilection, habit or heredity seem insurmountable. Why would not a vigorous and impartial press giving "both sides" be a blessing as an educator? The jury of readers could then give an intelligent verdict at election.

In criminal or civil proceedings "both sides" are presented, witnesses heard and examined, facts ascertained, and misstatements exposed. In politics alone only one side is considered and every effort at rebuttal is construed as an intent to deceive.

The Democratic press asserts that business depression is traceable to the "burden of an unjust tariff." Its leaders vociferate that the "tariff is a tax," adding just the amount levied to the cost of the product. If this doctrine be true the amazing accumulation of individual wealth that threatens to unbalance business relations, overwhelm the smaller capitalists, and disturb the holdings of property is traceable to the exactions of "iniquitous customs duties." Are the Whitneys, Paynes, Astors, Goelets, Goulds, and Vanderbilts manufacturers? Where are the mills that enriched and what protected fabrics contributed to their fabulous fortunes? It is evidently a mistake to accuse the manufacturing interests of the United States of being the monopolizers of wealth. It is further asserted that we could command the markets of the world if free raw material were obtainable by American manufacturers. Where is there more absolutely as "raw" a material as cotton? Yet cotton grown here is shipped hundreds of miles by rail and three thousand miles by sea to English factories and back again. We nevertheless purchase of European manufacturers of American cotton about twenty-seven million dollars' worth annually. England buys yearly two and thirty millions of dollars' worth of cotton, one-third of it of other than American growth, and sells, over and above that consumed in clothing its own forty millions of people, three hundred and seven million dollars of manufactured cotton for export. It is estimated by English statisticians that the profits of the English cotton manufacturer equal the total sum the south receives for its crop. While cotton, then, is the freest of raw materials, no one has yet claimed that American looms run faster or can produce more than English looms. It follows that the sole element of successful competition is in the lower compensation of English labor.

If agricultural depression is traceable to a protective policy how are we to explain that previous to 1860, under a policy the nearest approach to free trade, it took a pound of butter to buy a pound of nails, while now a pound of butter will buy four pounds of nails? That during the same period twenty-five tons of hay bought a mowing-machine, and now, under a protective and domestic competition, six to eight tons of hay will buy a better one? The farmer who was content with a rag-carpet in the front room, and charioted his family to church in a lumber-wagon, with the bettered prices of a home market instead of sole dependence on a foreign one now enjoys parlor Brussels reduced from three dollars to one dollar a yard, and rides to the sanctuary in a carriage. In the good old times a city weekly newspaper, narrow in size and scant in information, cost three times as much as the ten times larger paper of to-day. Then we depended on foreign-made paper; now we use the domestic product, and while retaining our own resources have reduced the price from twelve cents to less than four cents per pound. This is one of the many instances that the duty is not added to the cost of a product, and is an additional proof that domestic manufacture lowers the prices. It cannot be denied that in the exchange of agricultural for manufactured goods considerably less of the first buys three to four times the quantity or quality of the latter.

It is conceded by our cousins across the sea that under the system of protection no people in any age have increased in wealth or achieved the enjoyments of social comfort during the past quarter of a century as have the people of the United States.

J. A.

THE MAN who dies by touching an electric wire has added to the poignancy of his surprise the knowledge that his taking off is totally unconstitutional.

* * *

A LAW in Boston obliges a man to sit down when he drinks and to take meat with his beverage. Presently it will be necessary for him to sing a song and read a book.

* * *

MISFORTUNES come not singly, but in battalions. We observe that the editor of the Utica *Observer* is at this moment threatened with an opposition paper and a nomination to congress.

* * *

WE ARE obliged to say that if Senator Ingalls is guilty of plagiarism there is something in theft of that kind which cannot be properly condemned without hooking an anathema from the old masters.

* * *

MR. HALSTEAD says the white people of the south needn't be mad at him, because he has even gone so far in the direction of conciliation as to advocate the repeal of the fifteenth amendment to the federal constitution. Surely that is a good deal; but wasn't it rather selfish in the ex-Ohio brother to reserve his scalp?

* * *

WHAT MR. CLEVELAND most wants to do is to keep quiet and say nothing. The south wants to make a procession of him, and if he accepts its courtesy he will begin his new march to the nominating convention under the stars and bars and, like the late Robert Lee, never get there.

CONVENIENT ACCESSORIES.

MR. HARSON—"Don't you think they're a little conspicuous?"
MR. BROAD (*of Montana*)—"They may be a bit loud, but I had a rattling time with them coming on in the smoker. Ran a faro layout in my lap an' broke the whole carful."

LOGIC.

WE SAID two and two made four. Our contemporary says three and one make four, though those figures have not been mentioned at all in this controversy and are therefore brought in merely for effect. It follows, of course, that our opponent chooses to dodge the issue, is guilty of subterfuge and deception, and probably has the very slightest idea of mathematics; not to mention the proprieties of language and the courtesy of debate.

IDEAS THAT DON'T COUNT.

AN OBJECTION to the defeated international copyright bill was that we ought not to put ideas on the market. It occurs to us that whatever commercial value this world has is due to ideas. An inventor's ideas are protected by patent, and good books are as valuable in their way as anything that comes from the more practical individual. The raw material that finally comes to us in the perfected machine or the clothes on our backs would be valueless but for the ideas that put it to use. A great book has more than ideas in it in the reforms it accomplishes and the amusement it gives, and it ought to have a little of the reward that is given a patent car-brake or a new kind of jumping-jack for children. Is it reasonable to say that ideas that employ hundreds of thousands of printers, paper-makers, binders, book-sellers, and news-agents are entitled to nothing in comparison with the idea that leads to a printing-press or a rat-trap?

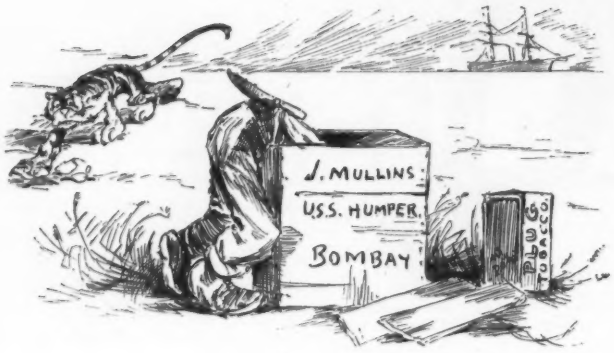
A LUCKLESS STRATAGEM.

THE GIFT-BOX FROM HOME;

OR, THE TAR, THE TART, AND THE TIGER.

1.

2.



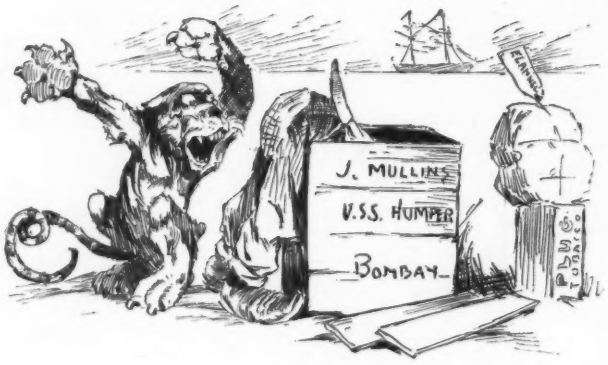
3.

4.

HUM OF THE COURT.

FIVE women soldiers were beheaded by the French in Dahomey. That is sad—that is brutal. But the women killed with quite the skill of males and, by the way, that is sad and brutal too.

PRAYERS FOR RAIN were recently ordered in every Catholic church in Minnesota. Those people had better locate their rains geographically. Most of the petitions have been answered with such misdirected potency that the east is two-thirds drowned.



5.

THE PAPERS of Australia declare indignantly that Mrs. Potter is composed wholly of skin and bone. Therein, let us remind them, she resembles Bernhardt and our Mary; the latter can act, however, and therein she doesn't.

VASSAR is to celebrate her twenty-fifth anniversary. This may be looked upon as the composite confession. No girl ever reaches her twenty-fifth year; but a large gathering of girls can do so, each conferring upon her several sisters that frank acknowledgment.

6.

7.

8.

9.

AN UTTER FAILURE.

DICK (*for whom three is a crowd*)—"I left my sketch-book up at the house, Effie. Wouldn't you like to look at it?"
EFFIE—"Ever so much. Run and get it, won't you? Molly says it's the funniest thing she ever saw in her life."

AMERICAN NOBLES.

"I THINK it's so strange that you don't have titles in this country, doncher know," said an English traveler to a native passenger with whom he had scraped acquaintance on the limited.

"No titles?" exclaimed the American. "Why, we've got 'em."

"I mean dukes, baronets, earls, lords and the like," explained the man from the old country.

"That's what I mean. We've got the whole outfit over here, except perhaps a king or two, for of course I don't count iron kings, petroleum kings and the like. But we've the genuine nobility all the same."

"You surprise me! I had been led to suppose otherwise; that republican simplicity banished all titles of nobility."

"You've been imposed upon, my dear friend, by what you have read in the newspapers. Of course you know that the president's title is 'his excellency.'"

"Yes; I'd heard that."

"And that aldermen of the city of New York bear the title of grand autocrat, which is, I believe, a grade or two higher than anything you have in England."

"I hadn't heard of that."

"Then, sir, you have much to learn. Besides these exalted dignitaries, the lower orders of the nobility are too numerous to mention. I may add that I was talking to the duke of New Jersey only a little while before I got on the train."

The Englishman opened his eyes wide, took out a memorandum-book and a pencil, and said,

"I must put that down."

"Yes; his grace was talking to Lord Baltimore"——

"Well, now," interrupted the Englishman, "that title has a familiar sound after all."

"Doubtless you remember hearing of the nobleman who settled Maryland and conferred his name upon the town which afterward became the chief city of the state?"

"Ah, yes; that was it."

"Well, the present Lord Baltimore is the sixth of the line."

"Ah!"

"Why, Baron Leeflard of Chicago is on this very train. His eldest brother is Lord Milwaukee, and his lordship married the eldest daughter of the duke of Leadville."

The native paused while the visitor made a few entries in his note-book, and then he resumed.

"But we needn't go so far for scions of the American nobility. Behold one in me!"

"And what is your title?" asked the Englishman, moistening his pencil.

"I am the grand duke of Squedunk."

And as the Englishman recorded this important announcement in his note-book the grand duke of Squedunk went forward to smoke a "twofer."

WM. H. SIVITER.

THE FISHING CRAZE AT BARNEGAT.

WEAKFISH—"Somebody's sent us one of those pretty Japanese portières, dear."

A DISREGARD FOR THE EXPENSE.

MR. BOLLER (*who has been out a little too long*)—"C-can't we run in n-now?"
SKIPPER—"Got ter take another tack, sir."
MR. BOLLER—"Use th' whole p-paper of 'm if it'll fetch us any q-q-quicker. I'll pay for 'm!"

THE MODERN PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS has donned a tennis dress,
Confined each wandering, wavy tress
Beneath a broad-brimmed hat which turns
Up at one side. Her sandal'd foot
Is hid within a russet boot,
And anything like gloves she spurns.

Phyllis has cast aside her crook;
No longer needs she it to hook
Her straying lambs. Before her shrine
Suitors innumerable bend—
And far too many, I contend,
For I would have her wholly mine.

Her slaves grow brighter at a nod,
A tennis-racket is the rod
By which she governs (likewise serves);
But, *entre nous*, I'm forced to say
This Phyllis of our modern day
Likewise possesses modern "nerves."

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A DISCIPLE OF DOCTOR WATTS.

IN A POLICE-COURT.

"You're a pretty-looking fellow to come here and plead not guilty. Why, you were caught with your hand in the complainant's pocket—*in flagrante delicto*, so to speak."

"Well, your honor, you know as 'ow nothin's more demoralizin' nor idleness. I must do sunthin'."

JUNE.

JUNE, sacred unto bugs and stinging-bees,
To organ-grinders and the strolling band
That spreads distracting music o'er the land,
To moonlight joys and midnight revelries,
To poets' hopes and lovers' ecstasies—
June, sacred unto Coney island sand,
The ice-cream store and soda-water stand,
And the mosquitoes' ceaseless harmonies—
June, thou art full of dire uncertainty;
Of disappointment, pain, and woe, alack!
(Such very strange and singular ways thou hast
Of plunging a poor fool in misery),
For when a famous race-horse we do back
He's always sure to halt and come in last!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

A FICKLE MAN.

"I SEE the mikado has been reconstructing the Japanese cabinet: that's the second change this year."

"Is that so? Why, I've had a Japanese cabinet in my parlor for five years and haven't changed it once."

TO SUIT THE OCCASION.

"WELL, my dear, are you quite sure that the new play we are going to see to-night is quite proper?"

"Entirely so, my darling; but why do you ask?"

"Because if I have to blush much I had better wear my scarlet corsage—it would make a prettier effect."

THE STYLE HAS CHANGED.

Stranger—"Why don't you continue your game of ball?"

Small boy—Johnny Jones has run home with the catcher's mask, and they ain't a bustle in the neighborhood."

A MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

MR. JACK JOYNER (*noticing sign*)—"Fetch me some buckwheat-cakes an' ice-cream, an' don't be a week."

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"WELL, Spowter, were any eggs thrown at you during your lecturing tour?"

"Not an egg. Why, man, eggs were worth thirty cents a dozen all the time I was gone!"

A MEMBER OF ANOTHER CHURCH.

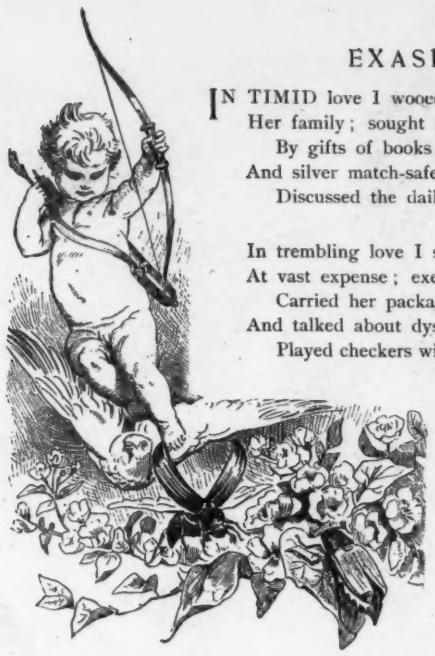
Mr. Fangle—"My friend Gazzam is a philanthropist."

Mrs. Fangle—"You surprise me. I always understood he was an Episcopalian."

AN EXCESS OF POWER.

MRS. STREMBLY—"Cynthy, yo' gre't big lazy nussance! why doan' yo' blow dat yer fiah?"

CYNTHIA—"Saiks alive! I clean (*blas-s-st!*) fergot, mammy."



EXASPERATION.

IN TIMID love I wooed with zeal and fire
Her family; sought favor with her sire
By gifts of books galore and walking-sticks
And silver match-safes; till I did perspire
Discussed the daily news and politics.

In trembling love I sent her mother flowers
At vast expense; exerted all my powers;
Carried her packages and held her shawl
And talked about dyspepsia. Hours on hours
Played checkers with her brother, young and small

And wearisome. Walked with her uncle; took
Her aunt to drive; made presents to the cook,
The gardener. And 'neath the weak'ning strain
Knew, with the shrinkage of my pocket-book,
A loss of flesh and reeling of the brain.

What mingling, then, of happiness and ire,
Of bliss and rage, when my throbbing desire
I panted forth—and she with downcast smile
Murmured, with tender color mounting higher,
"Yes, dearest, yes! I've liked you all the while."

EMMA A. OPPER.

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

JONES and his wife were wandering among the cages in a menagerie.

"I say, Jones, dear, what on earth has that anaconda tied himself up into such an involved knot for?"

"Can't say, darling, unless there's something on his mind that he wants to remember."

THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION.

THE "want" advertisement of the past:

WANTED—A competent girl to do general housework in family of five.

The "want" advertisement of the present as the servants think it ought to read:

WANTED—A family of five who are willing to work wish to enter the service of a young woman of refinement and education, with the object of making a comfortable and pleasant home for her. The family desire to have one evening in the week set aside for them to enable them to go out or receive calls, but this is not insisted on. The young lady may take lessons on the piano, call the head of the house by his surname, invite her friends to any family meal, and in general have the decisive voice in family councils. Free tickets to the best shows furnished on application. Full access given to the wardrobe of the family. Any young woman desiring such an alliance will please address

J. G. OFFHISBASE,
General delivery,
Post-office.

P. S.—The family prepared to furnish the best references.

VAIN REGRETS.

MRS. DU GAN (*looking at mechanical toys*)—"Phwat's th' price av thot one?"
SALESMAN—"Thirty-five dollars. It bleats and walks."
MRS. DU GAN (*hissing at her husband*)—"Av we'd only knowed this phlace, we wouldn'a sould ould Nanny an' her two kids fer foor dollars phin we lift Har-r-lem fer th' wist side."

NO DOUBT OF IT.

IN A SCHOOL-EXAMINATION on mineralogy.

"Where are diamonds found in the greatest abundance?"

"At the pawnbroker's."

IN A DOCTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT?

Snodgrass—"Say, Snively, my portrait is in the newspapers."

Snively—"What disease have you been cured of?"

SOMETIMES IT IS LATE.

Editor (looking at his watch)—"The paper not gone to press yet! What is the matter?"

Foreman—"The nihilists' daily threat to the czar hasn't come in yet."

POLITENESS RESENTED.

MR. RUFUS (*of Twenty-seventh street*)—"Pahdon me, Miss Walbeck, but it's drefful muddy. Jess let me put dis yer piece ob plank down 'fore yo' steps acrost."
MISS WALBECK—"Luff 'lone ob dat foot 'r I'll holler!"

DECISION HANDED DOWN.

ONE day as I reclined at length
Before the footstool of the sage Merlin,
Feasting my soul upon the mighty strength
Of his great wisdom, shining brightly through
His kindly eyes, I asked, "Oh, master mine,
Of all the weeklies which one is the best?
Which best shows forth the folly of mankind
And holds the mirror to the human soul,
Portraying faithfully all secret vice
That mars the brightness of the country's crown;
What periodical destroys the sting
Of mundane care and adds a zest to life,
Like sunshine lighting up a house of woe?"
He answered, drawing up his stature tall—
"Judge for yourself, and JUDGE, too, for us all."

FREDERICK COURTENAY BARBER.

A GLARING DEFECT.

Editor (to new reporter)—"In this article about continental affairs there is one important omission."

Reporter—"What is that, sir?"

Editor—"You do not use the expression 'On the chess-board of European politics.'"

1892
PRESIDENT
FREE TRADE
CURTIS
MILLS
BLODGETT
BECKENRIDGE

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. Co. New York

ONLY A MIRAGE IN THE DESERT.

SHE WAITS.

SWEET, fair and slender,
Blythe, true and tender;
Oh, happy fates!
With eyes soft beaming,
In maiden dreaming
For me she waits.

Brown birds are crossing
The sunlight, tossing
Their shadows fleet
On daisy faces
In grassy spaces
Beside her feet.

Oh, sky above her
Look down and love her.
Brown bird, fly near,
Her sweet doubt stilling
With joyous trilling
And song of cheer.

Through sun and shadow,
By field and meadow,
Dear heart so true!
With breathless sighing
And footstep flying
I come to you!

M. S. BRIDGES.

SHE MEANT MINIE.

"DO YOU know how Colonel Boyce was killed during the war?" he asked as they stood in front of an imposing marble shaft.

"Yes; I believe he was killed by a Jenny ball," she replied.

HER ETERNAL AFFECTION.

I HELD her little hand in mine;
She said her love would never falter.
That was last year. To-night I pine—
My rival holds it at the altar.

NO SUCH KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY.

Examining judge—"We were very sorry not to pass you, Mr. Quill, but your examination papers showed you very deficient in knowledge as to the rules of evidence."

Candidate for admission to the bar—"But, sir, I propose to do only a divorce-court business in Chicago."

Examining judge—"Ah, I see! You shall have a diploma in the morning, Mr. Quill."

ACCORDING TO GUNTER.

A TRAVELER is about leaving a hotel.

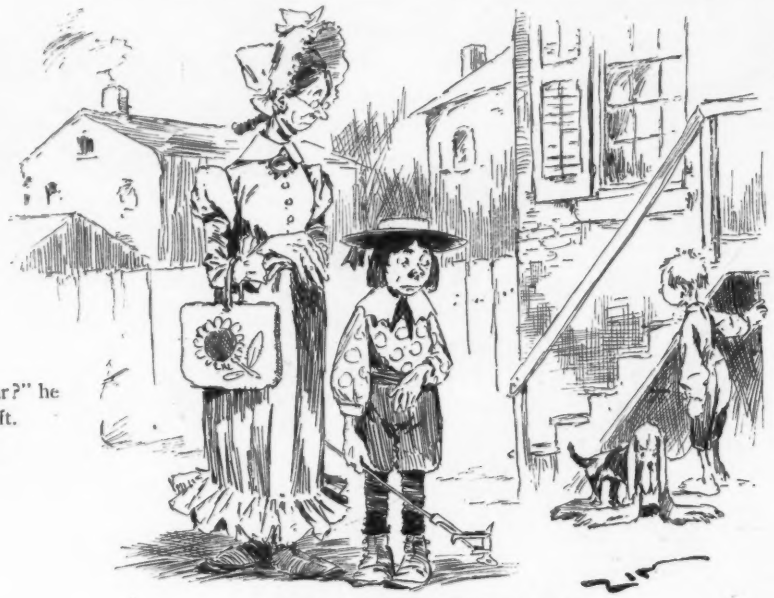
"Well, landlord, here's a pretty how-d'ye-do; you go and charge me two dollars and a half for a bed, when you know very well that the house was so full I had to sleep on the billiard-table."

"Well, sir; please look at our rules posted up on the wall there—'Use of billiard-table twenty-five cents an hour.'"

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

Miss Manhattan—"Do you consider marriage a failure, Mrs. Livewayt?"

Mrs. Livewayt (of Chicago)—"Of course I don't. If it were not for marriage how could there be such a thing as divorce?"



THE DACHS-HUND AGAIN.

ROLLO—"How far up was he, mamma?"
HIS MOTHER—"I don't understand you."
ROLLO—"I mean how far did he fall before he struck the ground?"

DECEIVED BY THE SINGLE GLASS.

"IS THAT a prince?" asked an American girl of her London cousin, indicating a man with a monocle."

"Oh, no! what made you think it was?"

"His royal eyeness."

HE MEANT IT.

MISS POMEROY (*who isn't handling the gun like a true sportswoman*)—"Does it kick?"
COLLINGWOOD (*enviously*)—"*I* wouldn't."

The London *Globe* publishes this birth notice: "Friday, April 4th, at the menagerie Grantham, the wife of A. Gorilla, esq., of twins—boys." The editor adds, "The Anglo-Saxon race is richer by two first-cousins."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The preacher—"Well, Sam, how have you been getting along since your conversion?" *Sam*—"Oh, fust-rate, sah; fust-rate. Me and the whole family has quit lyin', swearin' and stealin' in a great measure."—*Chicago Light.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Weather-sharp Greely, dressed in his water-proof coat, ear-muffs, and gum-boots, is going home. "It's time for the official bulletin," remarks the assistant. "Well, suppose you give 'em warm winds, clear and dry weather generally? Don't forget the dry weather, please. Where's my umbrella?"—*Philadelphia Times*

Have you used Packer's Tar Soap for the Complexion or Shampooing?

Its use is a luxury; imparting clear, soft, smooth, healthful skin and vigorous hair; cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases; prevents Chapping. 25 cents. All Druggists.

☞For sample mention *Judge*, and send 4 stamps to

THE PACKER M'F'G CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

HAVE NO SUPERIORS
10¢ Straight Escribanos CIGARS
$70.00 PER 1000
PROVE THEIR WORTH
SEND $1.00 FOR PREPAID SAMPLE 50 BOX
WM. H. OGDEN & CO. BINGHAMTON N.Y.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM.

"The Marquis"

A soft hat throughout, combining the Dressy appearance of the stiff hat, with all the comfort of the former. Made up in black, brown and a light color, on the order of a buff or tan, also a dark pearl or grey.

Illustrated circular, prices, etc., of Gentlemen's Hats mailed free on application.

N. ESPENSCHEID, New York City, N. Y.

Established nearly half a century in the same locality.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists,
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

The New COLLAR YUBA DAM
PRICE 25¢
MANUFACTURED SOLY BY W. BARKER, TROY, N.Y.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT

Avery Wiseman's definition of a liar—A small man who would be mistaken if he were larger.—*Elmira Gazette.*

"REX WHEAT"
looks better, keeps better, tastes better, goes further than any other grain food. Delicious in "mush" gems, bread and "griddles."

George Washington was worth nearly a million of dollars, yet he wasn't able to buy a two-cent stamp with his portrait on it.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE
Champagne is "Cabinet Sekt," of Kloss & Foerster, Freyburg. Thomsen & Co., 87 Wall st., sole agents.

Edward Bellamy has earned sixteen thousand dollars by "Looking Backward." This is better than Lot's wife, who merely earned her salt.—*Hartford Post.*

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made, whether taken pure or with wines or liquors AND OTHER CORDIALS.

It was a festive inmate of an English alms-house who sang to a banjo accompaniment a song of which the chorus, remembered by an American visitor, ran as follows:

Oh, why should the broadcloth alone be respected?
Why, why should the well-clad alone put on airs?
The angels in heaven have their limbs unprotected;
You can't judge a man by the clothes that he wears.

Judge Lawrence of the Supreme Court of New York has just decided that Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the trademark and name of Angostura Bitters and granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co., of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the Angostura Bitters.

Why stands this crowd in the public street?
Is the nation's fate at stake?
An anxious look lies in ev'ry eye
As tho' each heart must break.
What means this rushing of anxious men?
What means that cheer's loud roar?
There's a base-ball game betwixt rival nines,
And they've just put out the score.
—*Albany Union.*

THE NEW HOLLENDEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the most magnificent hotel in the west. American and European plans.

"On five successive nights last week as I was on my way home at about midnight a black cat crossed my path," said a West avenue man to a *Herald* representative yesterday. "Well, what of it?" inquired the newspaper man. "Why, it is a sure sign of death," was the reply. "I am not superstitious about anything else, but I tell you this sign never fails." "But it appears to have failed this time," said the man of news. "No, it hasn't," said the superstitious man. "It held good, because I killed the cat with a chunk of coal on the fifth night. A black cat crossing your path is a sure sign of death."—*Rochester Herald.*

An automatic card-shuffler has been invented in England. An automatic card-player would be of much greater benefit to some men.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

Shavers! *Lloyd's Euxesis* requires neither soap nor water, enabling one to shave with comfort in half the usual time. Cool and refreshing to the skin. Invaluable to travelers. Pliable tube bears signature "Aimee Lloyd" in red ink. Refuse all others. Sold by Park & Tilford, McKesson & Robbins, E. Fougera and all druggists. Manufactory, 3 Spur street, Leicester square, London.

Chicago's got the big world's fair,
New York her naval review,
And Washington her monument,
And each one smiles in her content
On poor St. Lou'. —*Chicago Times.*

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"You press the button, we do the rest."

Seven New Styles and Sizes,

ALL LOADED WITH
Transparent Films.
For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.
THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
Send for Catalogue. Rochester, N. Y.

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COLGATE'S SHAVING SOAP
For sample send 2 cts. box 645, New York.

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SMOKE NO OTHER.
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PREMIÈRE QUALITÉ CIGARETTE.

A SUPERB ARTICLE. The standard of purity and excellence. The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and other smoking mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

16 First-prize Medals. *WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.*

ORCHID FLOWER PERFUMES.
(*REGISTERED*).

Would you fully satisfy the requirements of a refined taste for exquisite perfumes, use SEELY'S ORCHID FLOWER; they are delightful reproductions of the odors of these *aristocratic flowers.*

STANHOPEA, VANDA, GALEANDRA, MILTONIA, ANGULOA, CALANTHE,
1-ounce Bottles, 75cts. 2-ounce Bottles, $1.50.—See Cut.

If not to be obtained of your druggist, we will send by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. Sold also by the pound to the drug trade.

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P.S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp. For sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

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H. Michelsen BAY RUM

From St. Thomas, West Indies. NINE MEDALS AT LEADING EXPOSITIONS. The best. Ask your dealer for it. None genuine without above signature. H. MICHELSEN.

THE WAY IT IS SAID.

The sultan awoke with a stifled scream;
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream,

An omen of terrible import and doubt—
His teeth all in one moment fell out.

His wise men assembled at break of day
And stood at the throne in solemn array;

And when the terrible dream was told
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold;

And all stood silent in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.

At length a soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say.

"'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high!
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."

Wroth was the sultan; he gnashed his teeth,
And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe

As he ordered the wise man bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.

The wise men shook as the sultan's eye
Swept 'round to see who next would try.

But one of them, stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone:

"Exult, oh head of a happy state!
Rejoice, oh heir of a glorious fate!

"For this is the favor thou shalt win,
Oh sultan! to outlive all thy kin!"

Pleased was the sultan, and called a slave
And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.

But the courtiers nod, with grave, sly winks,
And each one whispers what each one thinks.

"Well can the sultan reward and blame;
Didn't both the wise men foretell the same?"

Quoth the crafty old vizier, shaking his head,
'So much may depend on the way a thing 's said!"

—*Hebrew Journal.*

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Much plaindy gold don'd can allefiate pain, und power don'd can remoof adwersity also.

When philosophy vas subdoo adwersity mit patience, dhen efery feller vas get wise-headed.

Id don'd vas der best feller in der whole vorldt dot cood partook himself of a shplit shpoon full of pure choy.

Der foolishness of efery man vas der ub shtone of his own troobles, und he vas der foost one dot dinks he vas hafe a pooty hard times.

Madame Patti's picture on the magazine covers, in the attitude of singing the praises of soap, leaves no room to doubt that she is indeed the great and only "soaprano."—*Scranton Truth.*

"Our First Baby" was the title of the novel that lay beside him on the seat of the car, but the announcement was superfluous. A man with only half an eye could see that it was his first he held in his arms while its mother cooed to it from the other seat. Talk about being able to pick out newly-wedded couples! It's nothing to the ease with which one can size up the couple who are traveling with their first child.—*Buffalo Express.*

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SECRET of the Troy LAUNDRIES. HART'S STARCH POLISH can be used in hot or cold starch. Sample (retail) package mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by grocers and druggists. If your dealer don't keep it send to the manufacturer, C. W. HART, 652-4 River St., Troy, N. Y.

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IN A GARDEN.

Before I made my garden, oh, I was a happy man;
I read the seed-store catalogues and joyfully would plan
How lots of luscious vegetables I easily could raise,
And figured up the profits that they say a garden pays.

Of patent fertilizers, fancy garden-tools and seeds
I bought about as many as a western farmer needs;
I hired men that wouldn't work, and, rising with the lark,
I dug till time for business and finished in the dark.

After I made my garden, oh, I was a woful man;
The chickens scratched my pretty beds, the dogs upon them ran;
The cats pitched-battles on them fought, the cows ate all the corn,
And a hog that tried to bite me always rooted there at morn.

Then came a drought that burned to dust my garden; then a flood
And pelting hail and hurricane turned everything to mud;
Then, like the plagues of Egypt, swarmed upon me flies and bugs,
Inch-worms, moles, cut-worms, locusts, caterpillars, crows and slugs.

All summer long I wrestled, while my perspiration drops
I think would fill the barrels I had ready for my crops;
And though I wasn't able to supply one dinner's needs,
I took the prize of champion for raising famous weeds.

Before I made my garden, oh, I was a happy man
But afterward my troubles and experiences began.
Now, if some city greenhorn like myself would care to reap
The profits of a garden, I will sell out very cheap.

—*H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.*

A CHEEK OF ADAMANT.

"I struck the hardest game of my life to-day," said the agent of a very successful collecting firm. "I tackled my man for twenty dollars that he owes a restaurant. He's an artist—paints landscapes and portraits—and you see his name all covered with taffy in the newspapers, week in and week out. 'I'm sorry,' says he, stopping work on the picture and pushing his velvet smoking-cap on to the back of his head, while he looked lazily at the bill, 'but I cannot pay this for a few months yet.' 'Why not?' said I. 'Because,' says he, 'I have a more pressing liability.' 'More pressing than a board-bill?' says I, sarcastically. 'Yes; a good deal,' says he. 'I'm buying a pair of shoes on the installment plan, and the second shoe is to be delivered to-day if I can make a partial payment. The coin is here,' says he, tapping his vest-pocket. 'All right,' says I, 'but you just give that coin to me on account or I'll sell you up.' 'Sell what up?' says he. 'Why, these here pictures,' says I, sweeping my arm in a comprehensive way around the studio. 'These pictures?' says he. 'All right, my boy; go ahead. If you can sell them I'll be much obliged to you. It's a derned sight more'n I can do.' With that he lighted up his pipe and went on painting as tranquil as a summer's day. I admired him and asked him out to have a drop of something. 'Excuse me,' says he, standing back and regarding his picture with one eye closed, but not even glancing at me, 'I never have social relations with my trades-people.' I was faint when I got down to the street."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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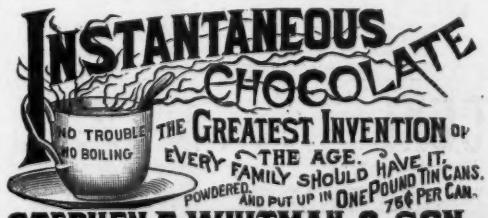
For tourist books, time-tables and information regarding West Shore Railroad, call on or address H. B. JAGOE, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 363 Broadway, or C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent, 5 Vanderbilt Ave., New York.



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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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Doctor—"Really, madam, if you wish those splitting headaches to stop, you must throw away that spotted veil I see you wear." *Fair patient*—"Pshaw!" *Doctor*—"But your eyes will be ruined if you don't take my advice." *Fair patient*—"Bosh!" *Doctor* (desperately)—"Freckles are to be in fashion next summer, I understand." *Fair patient* (excitedly)—"I'll stop wearing the veil right away, doctor."—*Lawrence American.*

He had, 'tis true, the merit of his wealth,
While I owned but my work of hand and brain;
I vowed some day I'd high above him rise
And pay him richly for his keen disdain.
It came. For, stopping at the same hotel,
I was above him and I kept aloof—
He had his parlors on the second floor,
While mine were on the first one—from the roof.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

While Hon. Thaddeus Stevens was practicing law at Lancaster, Pa., says *Harper's Young People*, a boy sidled up to his desk. "Take off your hat," Mr. Stevens said. "I 'ain't got my hat on," replied the boy. "What do you mean by contradicting me?" demanded Mr. Stevens. "I 'ain't got my hat on," persisted the boy; "it's my brother Joe's hat." "Oh," Mr. Stevens said, as he repressed a smile. "Well, the next time you have an errand here bring Joe with you so that he can take off his hat."

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THE MEN WHO DO NOT LIFT.

The world is sympathetic. The statement none can doubt;
When A's in trouble don't we think that B should help him out?
Of course we haven't time ourselves to care for any one,
But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done.
We want the grief and penury of earth to be relieved;
We'd have the battles grandly fought, the victories achieved.
We do not care to take the lead and stand the brush and brunt;
At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the grunt.

And there are others, so we find as on our way we jog,
Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log.
They do a lot of blowing and they strive to make it known
That were there no one else to help they'd lift it all alone.
If talking were effective there are scores and scores of men
Who'd move a mountain off its base and move it back again.
But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt,
They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.
—*Chicago Herald.*

EUGEN D'ALBERT TO WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
(Translation from the German.)

During my sojourn here I had frequent opportunities to make myself acquainted with the Knabe pianos, and from fullest conviction I declare them to be the best instruments of America. Should I return here for artistic purposes—which may be the case very soon—I shall most certainly use the pianos of this celebrated make. I give this testimonial with pleasure, voluntarily and entirely unsolicited for by the house of Knabe.
EUGEN D'ALBERT.
New York, May 16, 1890.

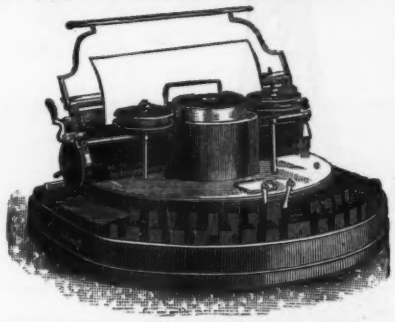
A railroad across the desert of Sahara is projected. As it does not strike an oasis throughout the whole distance it will not be easy to water the stock.—*Boston Globe.*

The Feejee-islander got out
His griddle or his spit,
And straightway he did set about
To serve a roast on it.

"What is this dish?" a guest inquired
As he the same did scan.
Replied the cook, as he perspired,
"A pan-American."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Because a man who hawks eggs through the street hawks hawks' eggs too, it does not necessarily follow that a man who hawks hawks, hawks eggs too, nor that a man who hawks hawks, hawks hawks' eggs too.—*Elmira Gazette.*

"HAMMOND"



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The best and most popular of all soaps
for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES; and for use in the NURSERY it is recommended by thousands of intelligent *mothers* throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a cleanser and detergent, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which *infants* are so liable. PEARS' SOAP can now be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States, BUT BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, *as there are worthless imitations.*

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DETECTIVE CAMERA. | VIEW CAMERA. | AUTOMATIC CAMERA. | MAGAZINE CAMERA. | *ALL IN ONE.*
If not, send at once for the Hawk-Eye Booklet, containing full description and sample picture. The perfection of Instantaneous Photographic Apparatus. 100 pictures without reloading. *Prices* $15 *to* $50. See Thos. Stevens' experience with the Hawk-Eye in Africa on four pages before frontispiece in leading magazines for May. *When so desired, we will do the developing and finishing.* THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Manufacturers, also makers of the Celebrated Blair Reversible Back, English Compact, and other Cameras, Lenses and Accessories.
Factories: 471, 473, 475, 477 and 485 Tremont St., BOSTON, MASS. Branches: 208 STATE ST., Chicago, Ill.; 918 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Pa. *Also sold by Dealers in Photo. Goods everywhere.*

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THE FOREMOST COCOA OF EUROPE, THE COMING ONE OF AMERICA. Easily Digested—Made Instantly.

HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS. The Original—Take no other.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

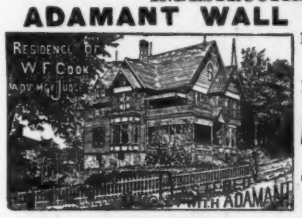
"Best & Goes Farthest—Largest Sale in the World—Once Tried, Always Used."

31

IT IS ECONOMY to do a thing well in the first place and avoid having to do it over, therefore plaster your house with

INDESTRUCTIBLE

ADAMANT WALL PLASTER.



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SYRACUSE, N. Y., or BENNETT BUILDING, New York City.

Mention this paper.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass

JOHN MILLARD writes from Odinburg, Ind., Nov. 29,—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy moustache to my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.

ELIXIR grows the heaviest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottles or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c, in stamps or silver. Worth four times this amount. **Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ills.**

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CHANCE FOR ALL

To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea.

A Trial Order of 3½ lbs. of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast, Sun-Sun Chop, or an assortment, sent by mail on receipt of $2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducements ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. Address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

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Speed, Comfort and Safety.

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WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.

Tom Karl of the "Bostonians" says: "Myrrh Tooth Soap is most cleansing to the teeth, and agreeabe to the mouth. I do not wonder at its popularity. I use it every day." 25 cents.

OPIUM Wonderful Discovery. Painless and Secret Cure at Home. Thousands of References Book (sealed) FREE. Dr. KANE, 174 Fulton St., New York.

THE LITTLE ROUND FAT MAN'S WRATH.

The little round fat man with the gurgling laugh has been observing Lent, but the other night he took his wife to a club-dance on the west side. He is not as active as he used to be and he only took chances in the quadrilles. One of the square dances he participated in with a young lady friend of his wife, and his wife did not dance at all. When the little round man went back to her after the dance he found her highly indignant. Not at him, but at an aged fairy in Nile green silk and saliva curls who had been doing the wall-flower act near her. Said the little fat man's wife to him, "That woman said to her friend that she had felt embarrassed at being a participant in a young people's dance, but that when she saw that little old bald-headed man over there she felt quite at home. She meant you. I was so angry that I could have slapped her. The idea! Just because you're bald she thinks you're old." And to make his title clear in the eyes of the envious old maid the little round fat man took in the next round dance and lost a suspender-button in cutting a pigeon-wing. He was mad too.—*Chicago Herald.*

One thing of Noah must be said—
Nor will the truth be strained;
Without a doubt he knew enough
To go in when it rained.—*Hay Press.*

Exceptional durability, combined with perfection of tone and touch, make the Sohmer Piano peculiarly adapted to the use of pupils and teachers in establishments where piano-playing is taught.

THE HIRED MAN.

I give my time, my song, my life to toil,
My brow of bronze, my arms of brawn, are hers,
For her alone each willing muscle stirs;
For her I guide the plow and delve the land,
For her my brow is wet, my face is tanned.
Sweet labor, brown-cheeked as the chestnut-burs,
Thy lightest law my lagging spirit spurs,
And under heat and burden bids me stand.
So, in thy name the old line fence I scale,
Just where the whispering maple shades the place;
I mount the panel with the softest rail,
And let the light winds fan my patient face;
And there, where birds and moments idly flit,
I sit, and sit, and sit, and sit.

—*Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

GOOD COOKING.

All who desire good cooking in their houses should use

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

A slight addition gives great strength and flavor to Soups, Sauces and Made Dishes.

One pound is equal to forty pounds of lean beef, of the value of about $7.50

Genuine only with fac-simile of J. von Liebig's signature in blue ink across the label.

ESTABLISHED 1813.

OUR BEST MAKE

BUGGY FOR $275.

Style, Finish, and Durability unexcelled.

THE JAMES GOOLD CO.,

BUILDERS OF FINE CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,

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Fastest Trains in America

NO EXTRA FARE FOR FAST TIME.

Pullman Cars on all Trains.

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NO DUST. NO CINDERS.

By reason of the construction of a new bridge across the Schuylkill, the above named lines, under their schedule of May 11th, are enabled to offer an accelerated Express Train Service between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, the fastest regular trains ever established upon this continent. The fast time is rendered practicable by reason of the superior condition of the double track steel roadway, excellence of equipment and elimination of stops.

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CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago

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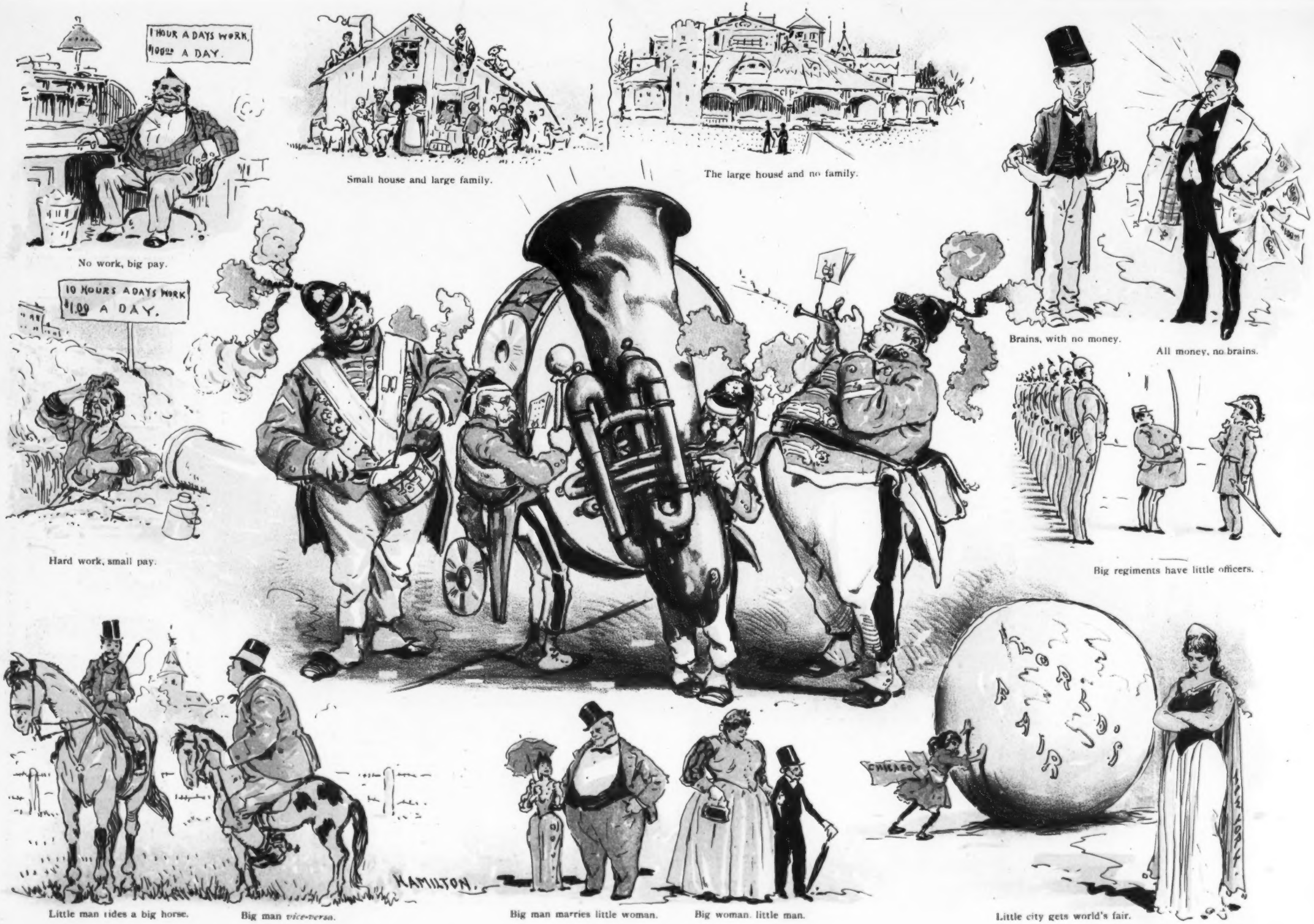

No work, big pay.

Small house and large family.

The large house and no family.

Brains, with no money.

All money, no brains.

Hard work, small pay.

Big regiments have little officers.

Little man rides a big horse.

Big man *vice-versa*.

Big man marries little woman.

Big woman, little man.

Little city gets world's fair.

INCONGRUITIES OF LIFE.